

2Pac Lyrics

"To Live & Die In L.A."

(feat. Val Young)

"Street Science, you're on the air. What do you feel when you hear a record like 2Pac's new one?"

"I love 2Pac's new record."

"Right, but don't you feel like that creates tension between East and West? I mean, he's talking about killing people, 'I had sex with your wife' — and not in those words. But he's talking about, 'I wanna see you deceased'..."

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A., California
What you say about Los Angeles?
Still the only place for me
It never rains in Southern California

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A.
Where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
Who was a friend is now a ghost in the dark
Cold-hearted 'bout it, nigga got smoked by a fiend
Tryin' to floss on him, blind to a broken man's dream
A hard lesson, court cases keep me guessin'
Plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin'
Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writin' again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down sunset, likin' the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga?
Got me lost in Hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail

[Val Young (2Pac):]

(My angel sing)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)

You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]

It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central L.A. can't get no stranger
Full of drama, like a soap opera, on the curb
Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear, the pen right across from hell

I can't cry, 'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now
Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love women
'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him
We might fight amongst each other
But I promise you this: we'll burn this bitch down
Get us pissed, to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]

(My angel sing)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]

It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans
Black love, brown pride, and the sets again
Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke
I'm on some bullshit out for everything they owe
Remember K-day? Weekends, Crenshaw, MLK?
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being shown, nigga, love your hood!
But recognize and it's all good
Where the weed at? Niggas gettin' shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this mothafucka permed out
M.O.B., Big Suge in the Lo-Lo, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, O.F.T.B.
They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tray, Heron, Big Buntry too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly; to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(Let my angel sing)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(And my angels go)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(To live and die in L.A.)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(Let my angel sing)

[2Pac:]

This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit
Makin' my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga
All the real motherfuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all y'all mothafuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
L.A., "California Love" part mothafuckin' two
Without gay ass Dre
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)

Thanks to ericmphomas, Ammar Ahmed for correcting these lyrics.

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